

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

By BENGOUGH BROS., Proprietors. Office:—Imperial Buildings, next to the Post Office, Adelaide Street, Toronto. GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager.

EDITOR'S NOTICE.—Original contributions solicited. All sketches and articles should be accompanied by the real name and address of the author. If payment is expected, a note to that effect should accompany the MSS. Rejected MSS. returned if postage is enclosed. Literary correspondence to be addressed to the EDITOR; business communications to BENGOUGH BROS.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

Special Notice.

Mr. W. R. Burrage's engagement as general subscription and advertising agent having expired, that gentleman is no longer connected with GRIP's business department. Our authorized canvassers are furnished with credentials signed by GEORGE BENGOUGH. Good agents wanted in every part of the Dominion, to whom liberal commission will be paid.

To Subscribers.

The address slip shows the date to which your subscription is paid. Any subscribers in arrears will be made aware of the fact by a red mark.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest beast is the ass; the gravest bird is the owl;
The gravest fish is the oyster; the gravest man is the fool.

The Payment Inspectors.

The long lost deputation has returned. Our city aldermen are themselves again. That their visit to foreign parts has been a success is amply proved by the number of luncheons, breakfasts, dinners and drinks they have consumed at other people's expense. It is a grand thing to be an alderman and represent a city ward. To drink American whiskey for the sole purpose of upholding the honor of Toronto is so noble and patriotic an achievement that the very gods themselves might howl with admiration. How the saintly BARRER must have winced when he found stern duty requiring all this self-abnegation at his hands. Truly he will have his reward and may some day aspire to a seat in the Local House. The Americans are funny people and the Elijah Pagarans are not all dead yet. They can do very little without "screaming" and "spread-angling" and to read of the after-dinner speeches, delivered in honor of those who composed the deputation, is enough to take one's breath away. So much hidden worth amongst our city representatives has been brought to light by American sharpness, that Gurr cannot help thinking that Torontonians are a very dull people. It appears "our city fathers are model men and fresh from nature's mould; they are true-born children of this free hemisphere, verdant as the mountains of our country, bright and flowing as our mineral licks, unspiled by withering conventionalities as air our broad and boundless peraries." GRIP congratulates Mayor BEATY and the other members of the deputation upon their success. The problem is solved and Toronto mud will soon be a thing of the past. In returning to their wives and infant popoloems they enjoy the confidence of the people of two great countries.

What kind of a preserve is an ice jam?

Motto for the Czar of Russia.—Never say die.

THE GREAT INREPRESSIBLE.—BOR INGERSOLL says he don't believe in Hull fire!

Why not introduce the English sky lark?—London Advertiser. Certainly.—Mr. Sky Lark, Mr. Advertiser.—Mr. Advertiser, Mr. Sky Lark.

The Toronto City Council.

(After Southey's "Battle of Blenheim.")

It was a spring-time evening:
The good man's work was done,
And in the City Council Hall
He sat to hear the fun.
And with him sat his little dears,
Young TOM and MAB of tender years.

They looked with open mouth and eyes;
They squeezed close to their sire.

They felt afraid and much surprise,
But still they did not tire;
"Please tell us what it's all about,
And why they all cry out and shout?"

"Why these are city aldermen,"
The good old man replied.
"And 'tis a fashion that they've got,
To raise unearthly cries,
But why they wrangle so and shout
I never could just quite make out."

"They come down here just once a week;
(Least, so I've heard it said.)
They swear at times in shocking tones,
Enough to scare the dead;
But things like this you know must be
In every city of degree."

"But 'tis a very silly thing,"
Young TOMMY quickly cries,
They can't be honest gentlemen
Like you and more besides."
"Nay, nay, my little son; you know
It is a very decent show."

"Great praise have some of these good men
Wherever they may go.
Their language is set down as grand,
By those who ought to know;
And everybody says how prime
Is our great civic pantomime."

"And money has been freely spent,
In drink, and sundries."
"But what's the meaning of it all?"
His little daughter cries.
Quoth dad, "My dear, such things must be,
In every city of degree."

Grip Sermonizes.

Rev. FATHER CAUVIN, of Hull, is one of those clergymen who give mockers like BOR INGERSOLL chances to attack the churches. The Reverend Gentleman, no doubt with the best intentions in the world, told his parishioners that the Almighty, by way of punishing their sins, had burned down their houses! Perhaps the good priest would do well to ask himself the following questions:

(1) Were the people of Hull wickeder than those of other towns? If not, why was Hull alone punished?

(2) Did all the wicked people in Hull live in the burnt district and none outside? If not, why did the houses of any of the wicked remain unconsumed? Did no good people live in the burnt district? If so, why were their houses burned?

(3) Would an efficient fire brigade have been able to put out the fire? If so, what becomes of FATHER CAUVIN's theory?

But GRIP's readers all know that the good priest was talking absolute nonsense. The worst of it is that his teaching his apt to do no good and much harm. His poor, ignorant congregation are asked to believe, and the simple souls will believe, that a good man is comparatively safe in an inflammable wooden shanty. They will resolve to be good, and in the meantime pile up the materials for another bonfire. A sermon against the sin of crowding wooden houses together in a town unfurnished with plenty of good fire engines might have done some good in Hull. A clergyman does wrong to impute to the vengeance of the Creator the suffering caused by the reckless, blind folly of the sufferers.

Plumb Outdone.

The Yankee newspapers are wondering at Congressman DOWNER of Wyoming who, having obtained leave to print in the *Congressional Globe* an argument in support of a bill, furnished the compositors with thirty columns of most amazing scriptural, moral, mythological verse! PMR RUMB, Canada's Bard, has been imitated and surpassed. Let him "see DOWNER and go one better" in the *Canadian Hansard*.

Very Queer!

When a cyclone lights down on a town out west it grabs a happy married couple every time. Mr. and Mrs. HIGGINS, of Meriden, were blown away "locked in one others arms." Mr. and Mrs. ROXBYS, of Lyckling, were swept along for some miles "clasped heart to heart." Col. and Mrs. FOLDER, of Illinois Township, and about twenty other couples in about as many widely separated localities, followed suit. Divorces are common enough now out west, but these cyclones will increase the number. As soon as a couple begin to feel happy they will separate, for fear of a big wind. It is not uncommon for a breeze to spring up between man and wife, but in Canada it is always past before the hugging begins. They have a queer way of managing things out west.

Happy Thought.

MR. GRIP.
SIR,—I ears as ow theres a good hopening for a Covey of my pekuliar talents in the Dominion of Canada just at the present time, and I wants to find out if thats so. Businiss in Lunnon in my line is sufferin from a stagnation, and I wouldn av no objection to hemigratin and goin into the political biz. if the hopening I allude to is really to be ad. Wot I ears is that there is a good hopeninty of startink another political party in the Dominion at the present time. An old pul of mine, which went out there a good while ago has writ me to say as ow the *Mail* and *Globe* newspapers has both lately took hup a stand agin perlitical corruptionists, hollice-seekers, contract sharpers and general loose characters wot hangs on to the Grit and Tory parties, and after this they don't intend for to show any respect whatsom-ever to such people, it don't matter wot side they belongs to. Now, my pal himiforms me that if the *Globe* and *Mail* sticks to this policy for a short time, the consequence will be that a tremendous large number of people will be drove out of both the parties, and, in a manner of speakink, they won't know where to find rest for the sole of their perlitical feet. Wot I propose to do is to go out to your Colony and start a party wot will take all these coveys in, and my pal informs me he believes we would av a big enough majority to get into hoffice at the next election, as the reglar Grit and Tory parties would be thinned down to a mere shadder. Of course when we got into hoffice I could make the speculation pay better than any business I can do in Lunnon. Now Mr. GRIP, I wants you to write me a few lines, and give me your opinion of wot the chances is, and if it turns out as good as I opes, you can count on something andsome when I gets my claw on the treasury.

Yours confidentially,
THE ANTRUL DODGER.

Pickpocket's Tavern,
Seven Dials,
Lunnon, April 20.

Motto for French bibulists—"Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder."

JIMMEL BRIGGS and GEORGE B. BROOKS of Toronto, are said to be jointly writing a novel. Briggs are rather heavy craft for brooks.

Western Ontario papers tell of a female horse thief. What we want to know is whether she is a woman, or does she steal female horses?

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE.** Wholesale, 281 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

E. HOWARD & CO'S Celebrated Key and Stem Winding Watches.

WOLTZ BROS. & CO., Sole Agents, 14 King Street West, TORONTO.